Ti. *Mercutio* thou consorteſt with *Romeo.*

Mer. Consort, what do'ſt thou make vs Minſtrels? and thou make Minſtrels of vs, look to heare nothing but diſcords, here's my Fiddleſticke, heere's that ſhall make you dance zounds consort.

Ben. We talke here in the publike haunt of men:
Either withdraw vnto ſome priuate place,
Or reaſon coldly of your grieuances:
Or elſe depart, here all eyes gaze on vs.

Mer. Mens eies were made to looke, and let them gaze.
I will not budge for no mans pleaſure I.

Enter Romeo.

Ti. Well peace be with you ſir, here comes my man:

Mer. But Ile be hang'd ſir, if he weare your Liuery:
Marry goe before to field, heele be your follower,
Your Worſhip in that ſenſe may call him man.

Tib. *Romeo*, the loue I beare thee, can affoord
No better terme then this: thou art a Villaine.

Ro. *Tibalt*, the reaſon that I haue to loue thee,
Doth much excuſe the appertayning rage
To ſuch a greeting: Villaine am I none.
Therefore farewell I ſee thou know'ſt me not.

Ti. Boy, this ſhall not excuſe the iniuries
That thou haſt done me therefore turne and draw.

Ro. I doe proteſt I neuer iniured thee,
But loue thee better then thou canſt deuiſe
Till thou ſhalt know the reaſon of my loue,
And ſo good *Capulet*, which name I tender
As dearely as my owne, be ſatisfied.

Mer. O calme diſhonourable, vile ſubmiſſion:
Alla ſtucatho carries it away.
Tibalt, you Rat-catcher, will you walke?

Ti. What woulds thou haue with me?

Mer. Good King of Cats, nothing but one of your nine liues, that I meane to make bold withall, and as you ſhall vſe mee hereafter drie beate the reſt of the eight. Will you plucke your Sword out of his Pilcher by the eares? make haſte,

leaſt

leaſt mine bee about your ear
Ti. I am for you.
Ro. Gentle *Mercutio*, put
Mer. Come ſir your Paſſa
Ro. Draw *Benuolio*, beate
Gentlemen, for ſhame forbea
Tibalt, *Mercutio*, the Prince
Forbid bandying in *Verona* ſ
Hold *Tibalt*, good *Mercutio*.
Away

Mer. I am hurt.
A plague a both houſes, I am
Is he gone and hath nothing?
Ben. What art thou hurt?
Mer. I, I, a ſcratch, a ſcrat
Where is my Page? goe Villai
Ro. Courage man, the hurt
Mer. No 'tis not ſo deepe a
doore, but 'tis enough, twill ſ
you ſhall find mee a graue man
this World, a plague a both y
mouſe, a cat to ſcratch a man t
villaine, that fights by the b
deu'le came you betweene vs?
Ro. I thought all for the be
Mer. Helpe me into ſome h
Or I ſhall faint, a plague a both
They haue made wormes meat
I haue it, and ſoundly to your

Ro. This Gentleman the Pri
My very friend hath got his m
In my behalfe, my reputation ſt
With *Tibalts* ſlaunder, *Tibalt*
Hath beene my Cozin, O ſwee
Thy beautie hath made me effe
And in my temper ſoftned valo

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